

RAGE MOOR™



JAN
STRNAD

RICHARD
CORBEN

"A tale that will have you checking
to see if your windows are locked on
cold, dark, and rainy nights."

—Comic Book Resources

Corben



RAGEMOOR™

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LETTERING BY
NATE
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CHAPTER ONE



Castle Ragemoor.

FORTRESS...

SENTINEL...

GUARDIAN...

PRISON!

YOU SHOULD
NOT HAVE
COME.





TO THE
CONTRARY,
MY BOY, WE'VE
STAYED AWAY
FAR *TOO*
LONG!

HAVEN'T
SEEN THE
OLD FAMILY
HOME SINCE...
WELL~

I WAS JUST A *BOY*, YOU KNOW,
WHEN THEY SHUFFLED ME
OFF TO THE STATES! GOOD
THING, TOO! MADE A FORTUNE
IN LADIES' *CORSETS*!



THE CASTLE *LET* YOU
LEAVE, UNCLE. MY FATHER
AND I WERE COMPELLED
TO *REMAIN*.



COME NOW, COUSIN HERBERT!
IN THESE MODERN TIMES A
MAN IS FREE TO GO
WHEREVER HIS HEART
BECKONS!



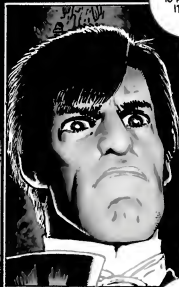
EVEN A
WOMAN MAY
DO AS SHE DESIRES,
UNFETTERED BY THE
CONSTRAINTS OF
CUSTOM AND
TRADITION!







YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
CASTLE RAGEMOOR
IS A *LIVING BEING*.
IT HAS A *HEART*
AND A *MIND*!



IF IT
HAS A *SOUL*,
I HAVE YET TO
DISCOVER
IT!



POPPYCOCK.



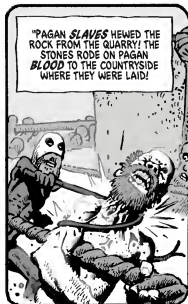
STONES AND TIMBER, THAT'S ALL
IT IS. A CONSTRUCTION OF COLD
STONE AND DEAD WOOD!



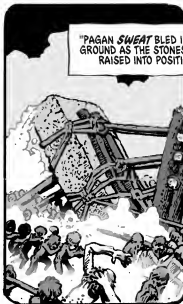
RAGEMOOR WAS NOT
BUILT UNCLE. IT WAS
CONCEIVED.



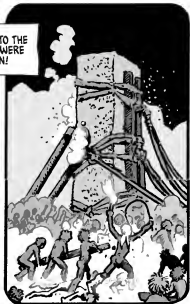
"THE FIRST STONES WERE
LAID THREE THOUSAND YEARS
BEFORE THE BIRTH OF CHRIST!



"PAGAN **SLAVES** HEWED THE
ROCK FROM THE QUARRY! THE
STONES RODE ON PAGAN
BLOOD TO THE COUNTRYSIDE
WHERE THEY WERE LAID!



"PAGAN **SWEAT** BLED INTO THE
GROUND AS THE STONES WERE
RAISED INTO POSITION!





"IN TIME, *PRIESTLY* BLOOD
JOINED WITH THAT OF THE
SACRIFICES, RAGEMOOR
GREW WITH A NEW VIGOR--



"--ELEMENTAL AND
RELENTLESS--



"--INEXORABLE--



"--MONOLITHIC!



"OVER THE CENTURIES,
THROUGH NO EFFORT OF
MAN, **CASTLE RAGEMOOR**
BECAME THE MONUMENT
IT IS TODAY--

"--A MONUMENT
TO **EVIL!**"

MY...HOW
DELICIOUS
A TALE.









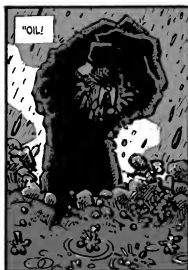


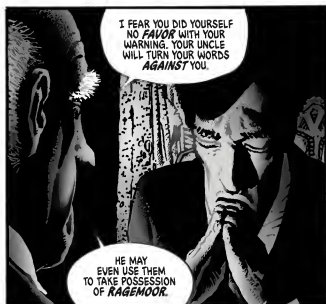
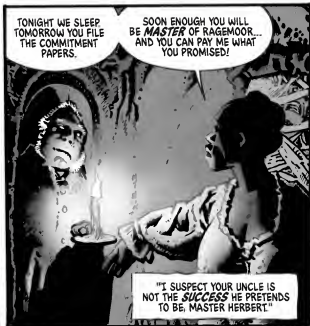
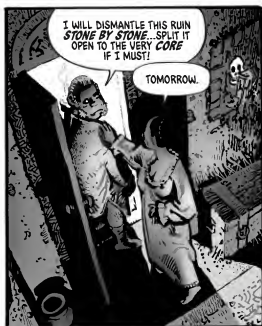
CLOSE THE
DOOR. "PAPA"
BEFORE
SOMEONE
SEES YOU.



YOU HIRED ME
TO BE YOUR
DAUGHTER.

ANYTHING ELSE
WILL *COST* MORE--
AND YOU CAN'T
AFFORD IT!

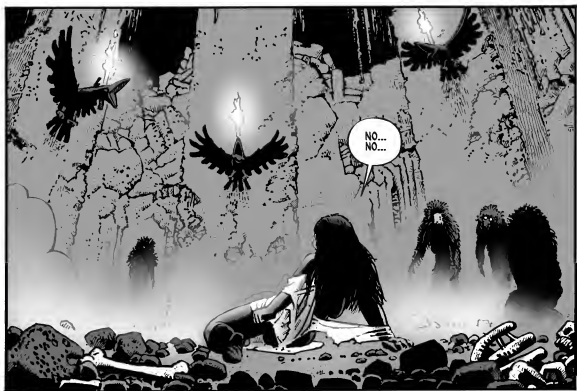






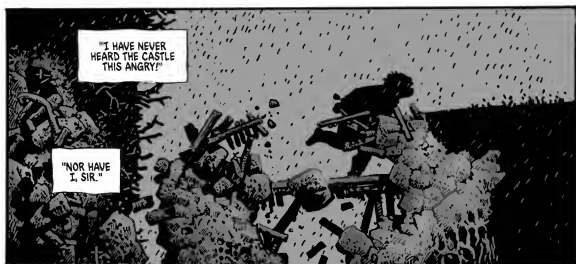










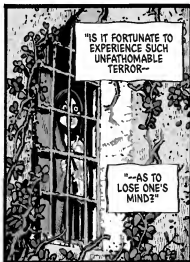




"I'M GOING TO BED, SIR.
I SUGGEST, COME MORNING,
WE CONDUCT A THOROUGH
SEARCH FOR...REMAINS."

"YES, YES, OF
COURSE. GOOD
NIGHT, BODRICK."

"GOOD NIGHT,
MASTER HERBERT."



CHAPTER TWO



"IT WAS FATED TO
ME TO LIVE BY THE
SEA, WHERE I
HAUNTED THE
RAGING LITTORIA—



"AND LOVED A MAID WHO
WAS MORE THAN A MAID—



"THE SPLENDOROUS
ANGEL, *ANORIA*.



"BUT HORRORS DID
RISE THAT TORMENTED
THE EYES OF THE DELICATE
FLOWER, ANORIA.

"AGAIN AND AGAIN THEY
ASSAULTED HER BRAIN
WITH A HIDEOUS
PHANTASMAGORIA!









MY GOD,
BODRICK--YOU
DON'T SUPPOSE
SHE...SHE
RETURNS HIS
LOVE?

IN HER
FRAGILE
STATE, SHE
MAY, SIR.



WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! WRITING
POETRY WHEN ANORIA WANTS
WHAT *ALL* WOMEN WANT--

--A REAL
MAN, A MAN
OF ACTION!

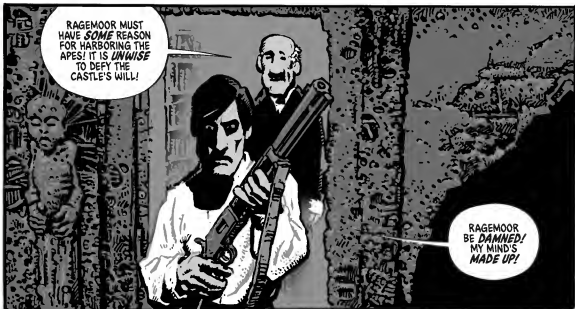


VERY WELL
THEN! TAKE
ACTION I
SHALL!



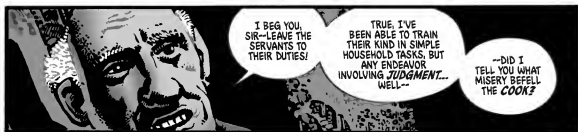
IT'S THE *BABOONS* WHO
ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ANORIA'S
CONDITION! IT'S AGAINST *THEM*
THAT I SHALL ACT!

OH, SIR,
I WOULD *MOST*
STRONGLY ADVISE
AGAINST SUCH
A COURSE OF
ACTION!



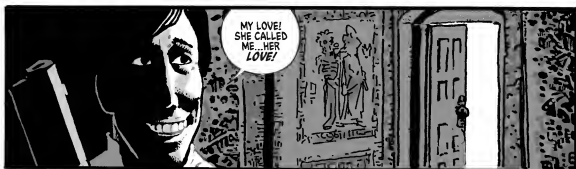
RAGEMOOR MUST
HAVE *SOME* REASON
FOR HARBORING THE
APES! IT IS *UNWISE*
TO DEFEY THE
CASTLE'S WILL!

RAGEMOOR
BE DAMNED!
MY MIND'S
MADE UP!

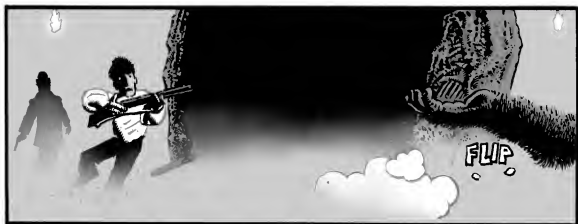














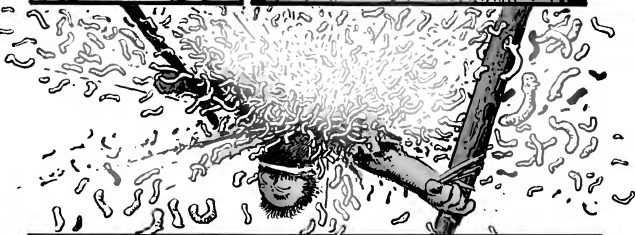
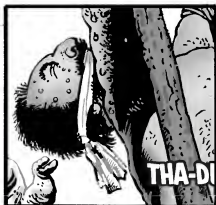


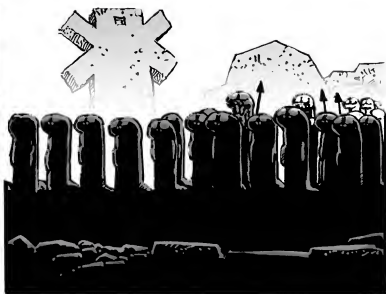




THA-DUMP THA-DUMP THA-DUMP THA-DUMP
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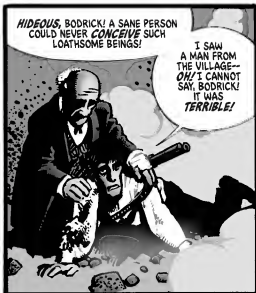


















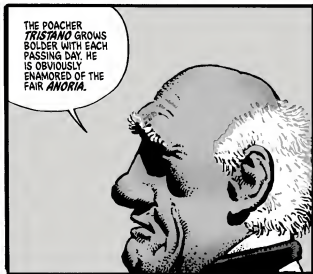
CHAPTER THREE



"YOUR DEDICATION
TO THE BABOONS IS
LAUDABLE, MASTER
HERBERT, BUT OVER
THE PAST WEEKS, IT
HAS BORDERED ON
THE **OBSSIVE!**"



THE POACHER
TRISTANO GROWS
BOLDER WITH EACH
PASSING DAY. HE
IS OBVIOUSLY
ENAMORED OF THE
FAIR **ANORIA**.

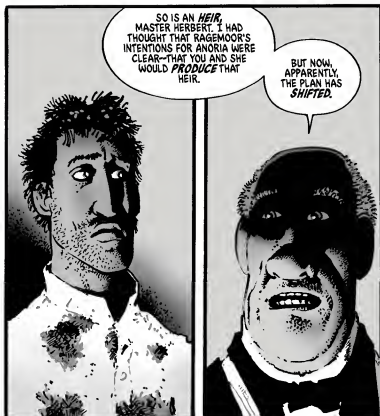


FRANKLY, I'VE
COME TO **DOUBT**
YOUR ABILITY TO
ATTRACT THE
LADY'S, AH,
AMOROUS
ATTENTIONS.



THAT
SEEMS A *CRUEL*
OBSERVATION,
BODRICK.

YOU *KNOW*
HOW IMPORTANT
THE BABOONS ARE
TO RAGEMOOR'S
DEFENSE!



SO IS AN *HEIR*,
MASTER HERBERT. I HAD
THOUGHT THAT RAGEMOOR'S
INTENTIONS FOR ANORIA WERE
CLEAR--THAT YOU AND SHE
WOULD *PRODUCE* THAT
HEIR.

BUT NOW,
APPARENTLY,
THE PLAN HAS
SHIFTED.

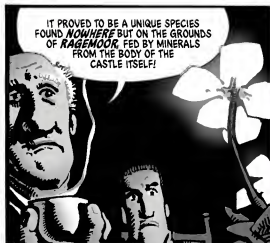
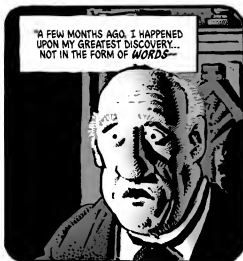
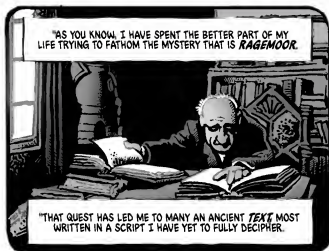


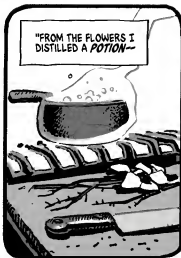
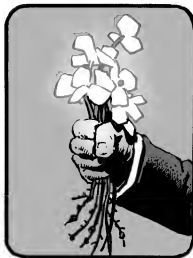
IT IS *IMPERATIVE*
THAT I SPEAK TO
YOU *CANDIDLY*...
AND SOON!

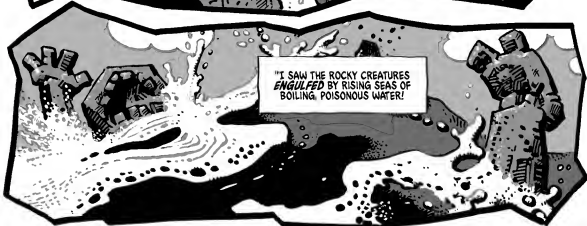
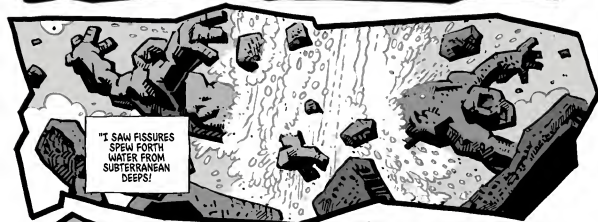
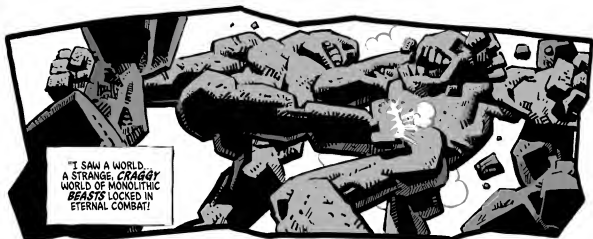
DINNER
WILL BE
SERVED
WITHIN THE
HOUR.

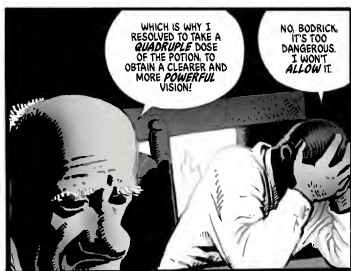
WILL YOU,
PLEASE,
BATHE FIRST
THIS TIME?



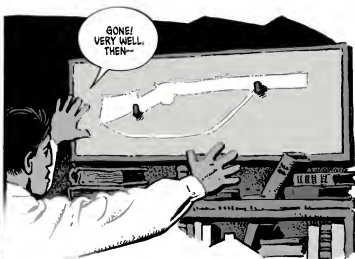




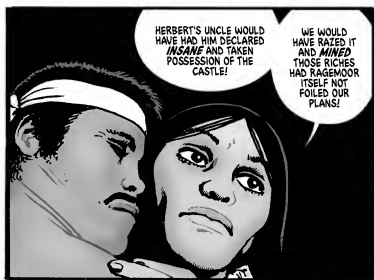














RAGEMOOR
IS POWERFUL, BUT
EVEN **STRONGER**
IS THE POWER OF
GREED!



ONCE THE
OUTSIDE WORLD
LEARNS OF RAGEMOOR'S
HIDDEN WEALTH, IT WILL
SACRIFICE A THOUSAND
MEN--A **HUNDRED
THOUSAND** IF NEED BE--
TO OBTAIN IT!

**YOU MUST
SPREAD THE
WORD, MY LOVE!
IT IS MY ONLY
HOPE!**



BUT...
HOW CAN
I LEAVE
YOU?



YOU WILL DO
WHAT YOU **MUST**.
YOU WILL DO...
WHAT IS
REQUIRED.







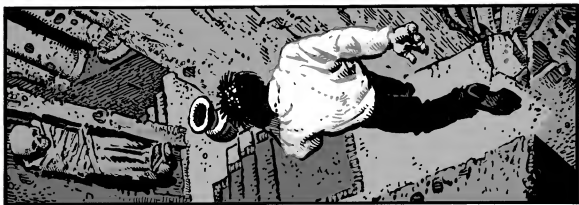


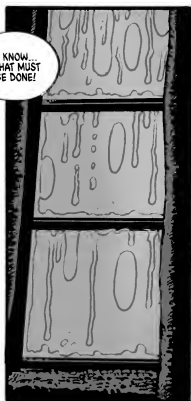


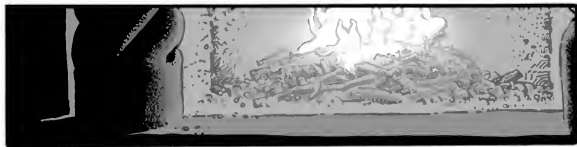
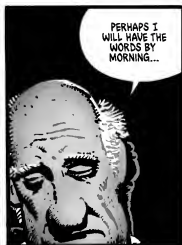


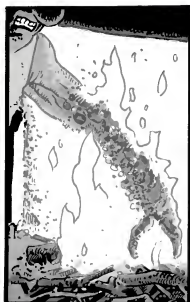
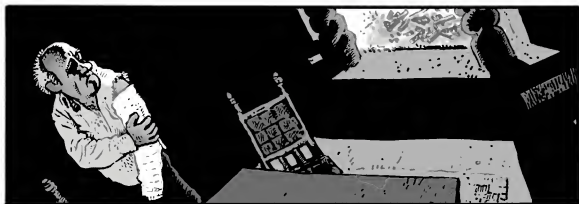


GAAAAH!









AAAAGGH!



BODRICK!



CHAPTER FOUR

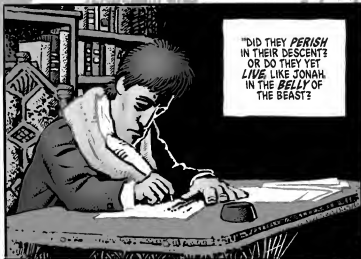


"WINTER.

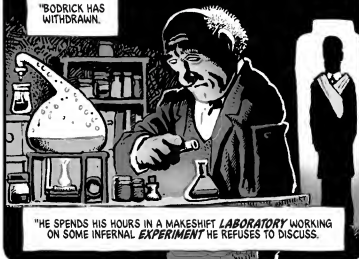
"AS IT IS OUTSIDE
THESE FRIGID WALLS,
SO IT IS WITHIN MY
HEART AND SOUL.

"IT HAS BEEN *MONTHS*
SINCE ANORIA AND
HER LOVER, *TRISTANO*,
WERE SWALLOWED
BY RAGEMOOR.

"DID THEY *PERISH*
IN THEIR DESCENT?
OR DO THEY YET
LIVE LIKE JONAH
IN THE *BELLY* OF
THE BEAST?



"BODRICK HAS
WITHDRAWN."



"HE SPENDS HIS HOURS IN A MAKESHIFT *LABORATORY* WORKING
ON SOME INFERNAL *EXPERIMENT* HE REFUSES TO DISCUSS."

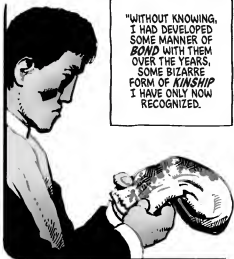
"I FEAR THE DRUG
HE INGESTED HAS
UNHINGED HIS MIND!"



"THE SERVANTS HAVE
NEVER RETURNED. I
MISS THEM, AND NOT
PURELY FOR THE *DUTIES*
THEY PERFORMED."

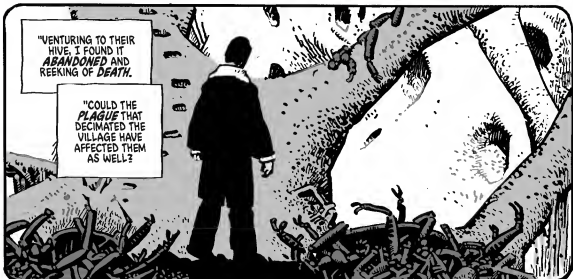


"WITHOUT KNOWING,
I HAD DEVELOPED
SOME MANNER OF
BOND WITH THEM
OVER THE YEARS,
SOME BIZARRE
FORM OF *KINSHIP*
I HAVE ONLY NOW
RECOGNIZED."



"VENTURING TO THEIR
HIVE, I FOUND IT
ABANDONED AND
REEKING OF *DEATH*."

"COULD THE
PLAGUE THAT
DECIMATED THE
VILLAGE HAVE
AFFECTED THEM
AS WELL?"





"FOR A TIME, THEY DWELT IN THE PROTECTIVE *SHADOW* OF DARKENED SKIES. DURING THIS EPOCH, THEY RULED THE EARTH, DEVASTATING THE NATIVE POPULATION!



"BUT WHEN THAT CLOUD LIFTED, THEY FLED TO THE SUBTERRANEAN REACHES TO ESCAPE THE LIGHT OF A SUN WHOSE TOUCH THEY COULD NOT BEAR!



"THROUGH THE AGES THERE HAVE BEEN THOSE WHO WORSHIPED THE MYTHIC, ALIEN CREATURES AS *GODS*, WHO SACRIFICED TO THEM TO MAKE THEM *STRONG* AGAINST THE SUN...TO RETURN THEM TO THE SURFACE AND *SUPREMACY* OVER ALL THAT LIVES!

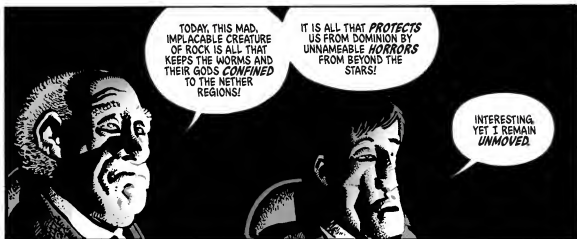




"BUT THOSE EFFORTS
ALSO AWOKED THEIR
ANCIENT *ENEMY*, THE
LIVING STONE--



"--OF
RAGEMOOR!"



TODAY, THIS MAD,
IMPLACABLE CREATURE
OF ROCK IS ALL THAT
KEEPS THE WORMS AND
THEIR GODS *CONFINED*
TO THE NETHER
REGIONS!

IT IS ALL THAT *PROTECTS*
US FROM DOMINION BY
UNNAMEABLE *HORRORS*
FROM BEYOND THE
STARS!

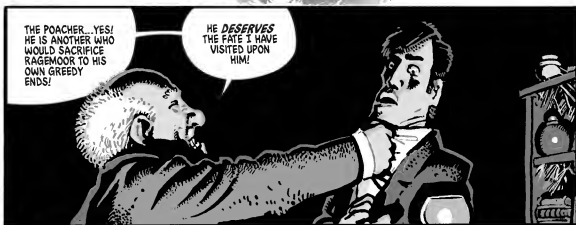
INTERESTING.
YET I REMAIN
UNMOVED.

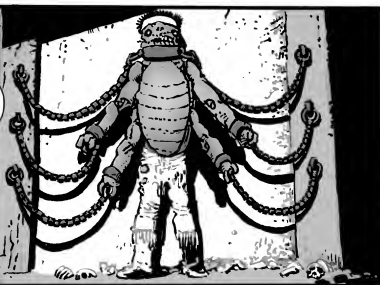


I FIND
MYSELF UNABLE TO
CARE ABOUT ANCIENT
GODS AND NAMELESS
HORRORS, BODRICK. WITH
THE LOSS OF ANORIA,
MY SOUL IS
DEAD!



"--A COMMON *TROLLOP* HIRED BY YOUR UNCLE J.P. TO SWINDLE YOU OUT OF YOUR HERITAGE!"







YOU KNOW THE REASON
AS WELL AS I, MASTER
HERBERT! RAGEMOOR
NEEDS *MORE* THAN
AN HEIR--

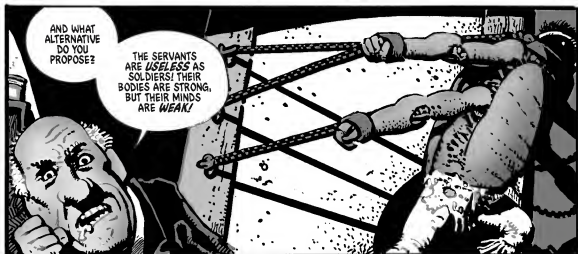
--RAGEMOOR
NEEDS AN
ARMY!



I CONCEDE THE
NEED TO PROTECT
THE CASTLE FROM
THE LIKES OF MY
LATE UNCLE--



--BUT THIS...
THIS *THING*
MUST NOT
SUFFER TO LIVE!
ITS VERY
EXISTENCE IS
AN AFFRONT
TO ALL THAT
IS DECENT!



AND WHAT
ALTERNATIVE
DO YOU
PROPOSE?

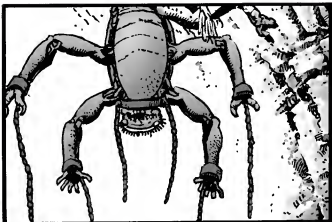
THE SERVANTS
ARE *USELESS* AS
SOLDIERS! THEIR
BODIES ARE STRONG,
BUT THEIR MINDS
ARE *WEAK!*











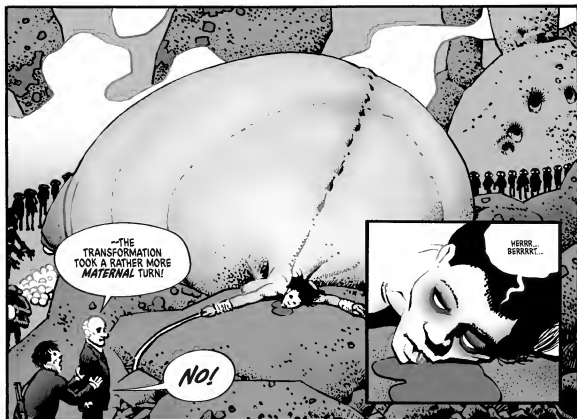


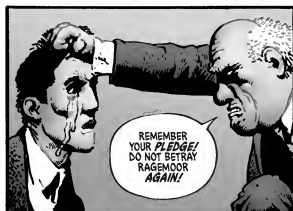


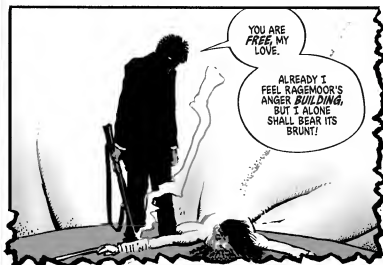
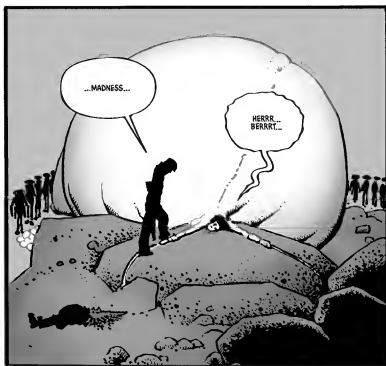














GO AHEAD,
YOU MONSTER.
RAGE! RAGE! TO
THE VERY CENTER
OF YOUR STONY
SOUL!



I PLEDGED
MY SERVICE, AND
FOR THE GOOD OF
MANKIND, I SHALL
KEEP THAT
PLEDGE!



BUT THE
MADNESS
ENDS...WITH
ME! DO
YOU HEAR
ME?



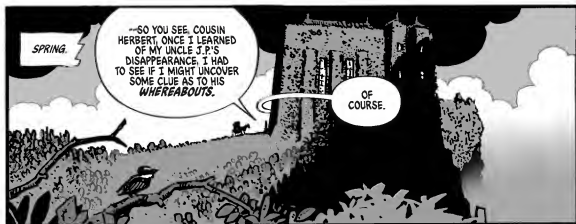
AAUGH!



**IT
ENDS WITH
ME!**

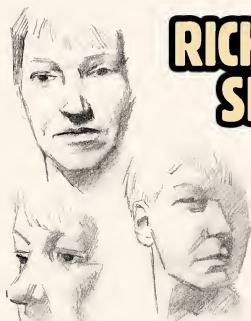


**IT
ENDS WITH
ME!**





RICHARD CORBEN SKETCHBOOK

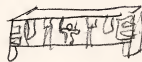


When developing characters and settings, I usually start with very cartoonlike sketches, then proceed toward more realistic treatments. The first impressions are based loosely on Jan's written descriptions. But I try purposely to deviate in the direction of something more unusual, to give them an individual character. Jan also provided links to photos of settings that inspired his scenario. These were a starting point for what grew into the fantastic entity that is Ragemoor.





Full
under





RAGEMOOR! Born of the stars, nurtured on pagan blood, Castle Ragemoor exerts its will over any hapless mortal who dares set foot within its living walls! Fortress . . . sentinel . . . guardian . . . prison! Those who oppose it, it *kills*! Those it would enslave, it drives *insane*!

"Richard Corben and Jan Strnad are like the Jack Kirby and Stan Lee of post-EC monster comics, responsible for classics like *The Last Voyage of Sindbad* and *Mutant World*. To see the two of them back together and a project like this is just exciting as hell."

—Mike Mignola (*Hellboy*, *B.P.R.D.*)

"Horror fanatics looking to revisit their childhood days of black and white comics with spooky monsters and mansions absolutely must check out *Ragemoor*. This is far different from most major comics out there, as it strays from the pop culture love affair with the undead, and ventures into the realm of gothic unease."

—Bloody Disgusting



RICHARD CORBEN



2012 Eisner
Hall of Fame
Inductee



DarkHorse.com

SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

